Mr. George Leopold
12162 Old Salem Ct.,
Woodbridge, VA 22192

2/13/92

Dear George,

I am, as you put it, ailing, for more than 16 years now, more and more as time passes, but I'm still a bit productive, albeit of limited mobility. But I'm glad to hear from you and to learn that you are doing worthwhile things. And happily married with something special to show for it!

I've heard about but did not see Rather's mishmash rehash. I can't help getting up early (at 1 this morning, and it is notw1:45) so I try to get abed early. I was on at least three such crappy show. I've told Nightline not to bother me any more and just yesterday told 60 Minutes I'd help them but only with the assurance they are serious and will not use me as the other shows have. These people are so much the creatures of their medium, even the nice ones, of whom I've been interviewed by several, that they can't understand there is anyone who does not give a damn about personal attention or about being on the tube.

Lane's current may be his worst book. But publishers go for such crap because it makes money. Lane's is high on the best-seller list and has been contracted for a movie!

All the current assassination books are in various ways and degrees bad, as is the Oliver Stone movie. I was the one who began exposure of his commercialization and exploitation and as I'd hoped the story carried itself, helping make the historical record.

I don't know the story of those three cigars. The Loves of Three Oranges interested me more. But we are about half-way between there and the Monocacy battlefield, closer to the latter, and in between we have Barbara Fritchie's tiny home, preserved in perfect condition, and not far away from it is The Hessian Barracks, going back to the war for independence and still in use. Did you know that the Rebs, I think Early, held this town for ransom the interest on which was paid regularly until a few years ago?

Or that in fighting but losing the Battle of the Monocacy the Union forces saved Washington from capture. The Rebels got as far as what is now Walter Reed Hospital. When I was a patient there in World War II I saw what was called "The Spy Tree," as far into DC as they got. They spied through glasses from that tree, over then open country.

I hope you can make it. And as you'll see, although we have not moved, we have a street address.

You were one of a good group in college. If you are in touch with any of those I knew, please remember me to them.

Best wishes,

Harold